

The Lay
Apostolate
in Action

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

The Catholic
Interracial
Viewpoint

Without Interracial Justice

Social Justice Will Fail

Vol. 5 No. 4

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New York, N. Y. 5 Cents

PERSECUTED BECOME PERSECUTORS Who's Who in FH LEASHED AMERICANS

By MABEL C. KNIGHT

FOR two years a travel agency which called itself Catholic sent advertisements of its pilgrimages to a quiet little colored woman of our neighborhood. She didn't know how they got her name. This year she decided to go. So she arranged her vacation accordingly, prepared and bought clothing for the trip, told all her friends about it, sent in her money, and received her reservations. Two days before she was to leave she received a special delivery letter to come to the tour office and bring her identification papers. When she got there she was told that they were sorry but the Canadian hotels to which they were going did not accept colored. She was bitterly hurt. In addition to the natural disappointment of missing the long-awaited trip was the pain of being rejected by a Catholic group doing a Catholic thing. Very loyally she didn't tell any non-Catholics about it. There is enough anti-Catholicism in Harlem already and much of it based on true cases of discrimination by Catholics. Her friends told her she might feel better if she came to Friendship House to see if something couldn't be done. She didn't want to go with the group now but there was a bitter feeling that she wanted to get rid of by talking it over with white Catholics.

When we went to ask the travel agent about it he seemed worried at first that we might be planning to take legal steps—as well he might, for there was no clause about cancelling the trip because of complexion and this little woman had incurred expense and suffered great embarrassment because of the action of the company. We also had a letter from one of the hotels that they accepted colored guests and we knew colored people who had stayed this year at the other hotel.

When we based our plea on the charity of Christ and the cruelty of prejudice he had some interesting viewpoints:

"This is just business."

CATHOLICS going on a pilgrimage—is this "just business?" "Catholic" means universal—everyone should go. Pilgrims go humbly, asking God, or in this case, through St. Anne, for a favor. They should be at peace with their brother before they offer their gifts to God. Would they object to a quiet little colored

woman going with them? If so, they are indeed pitiable objects with a deadly malady of the soul—prejudice. This must be cured before hate corrodes their immortal souls and drives their colored brother to despair even of the Church of Christ. Good St. Anne, we ask for a miracle! "The Irish fought prejudice and won."

But the Irish could conceal

BELLE BATES, the assistant director of Friendship House, New York City, is Irish. That is a fact no one will deny who ever looks into her expressive eyes, her spiritual face, and sees the glossy sheen of her black hair. That hers is an Irish beauty is self-evident, but she has so much more than mere physical charm; hers is the deep, profound spirituality of the children of St. Patrick, which she presents to the world, with

A NUMBER of years ago George Washington Carver said, in regard to the Negro, "The world is perishing for kindness." In 1945 his words still re-echo over America. Today men dream of brotherhood, yet fill the American calendar with days of rioting and bloodshed, with obscene talk of white supremacy, with wild stories of race problems and even with death.

When one quotes the familiar lines of the American Declaration of Independence—"All men are created equal, . . . All men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights . . ." he is stating a charter of freedom not

granted legally, but white people today still inflict upon him many discriminations and injustices. Practically, the Negro is not free—politically, economically, educationally, socially or religiously. The Negro does not want a glorious new Bill of Rights. In common with the rest of us, he wants "good wages, good schools, better housing, wholesome recreations, police protection, justice in and out of courts, a larger share in civic improvements, and a chance to make the most of himself and the same thing for his children." These rights of the individual Negro are not ours to give or to take. They are God-given!

The Negro has got liberty, for whatever it may be worth under existing restrictions. Now what he wants is equality—an equal share with others in the performance of responsibilities and obligations, but also in the enjoyment of rights and opportunities. Equality—that's the word! And this means substantially, three things:

FIRST: Political Equality—the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges under the law. There are many aspects to this equality—the right, for example, to be tried by a jury of one's peers (a right so often denied the colored man). But the supreme symbol of political equality is the right to vote, the right of equal powers with that of every other citizen to control and direct the nation's life. As one Negro so aptly stated, "We want the same racial equality at the ballot box that we have at the income-tax window; the same equality before a court of law that we have before an enemy's bullet."

The second point is **Economic Equality**—the right to a job on equal terms of employment with the white man. The color line is drawn sharply to the point of menial occupation. The Negro is free to do anything of a slavish or subservient character for a living. He can engage in a work which nobody else particularly wants to do. The trouble begins when the Negro undertakes to cross the line which divides menial workers from the great mass of white men.

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ST. PETER
CLAVER,
SEPT. 9



"FOREVER THE SLAVE OF THE NEGROES"

Melita Kudeck

the fact that they were Irish if they were pressed too hard sometimes and the Negro can't do that. He is condemned before he opens his mouth—he is a college graduate, a gentleman, or a saint—merely by the color of his skin about which he can do nothing. And then, dear prejudiced Irish-American, think of someone who hated the Irish and tried

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an elfin smile, a light, humorous touch, and a wee bit of blarney.

She comes to us from the State of a thousand lakes and majestic pines. And there is about her a great peace, a reflection, as it were of these. In her twenties, she already has a long history of activities in the Lay Apostolate, for long ago and far away, in the

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only for white Americans yesterday but for black Americans today. The Negro does not understand this charter. He wonders why he is a victim of white injustice if that clause is true. Surely liberty is not something merely attached to skin color, with black men in perpetual indenture.

Seventy-five years ago America enfranchised the Ne-

The House by the Side of the Road

By CARMEN WELCH

THE road is winding, leading to many fascinating places they say. But we who live on it are content to watch other people pass us by on their way to them. . . . for we cannot think of any place more interesting than ours, nor more wonderful. For our house by the side of the road is called "Nazareth House" and our lives are dedicated to the Holy Family who lived there long, long ago. And that is a journey that never ends. A journey of love and service.

Our county has twenty three thousand people, yet we have only six Catholic churches in it. Our own parish church is all of eight miles from us. So we dream dreams of bringing to the Lord through our little house more souls, that there may be more Catholic churches in our county. Will you come and dream with us and help us make this dream come true? You will be welcome, so very much . . . and always.

The house, by the way, does not belong to us. We rent it

for five dollars a month, including two large gardens. Alas, the former tenants tore up the barn for stove wood, so we haven't a barn we badly need. True, last year we inherited from Grand-dad (RIP) a forty-five acre farm, but it has no buildings. Instead it has oil, so we lease it out for that purpose and get forty-five dollars a year for it, minus fifteen dollars for taxes. Not much, but every little bit goes a long way at the house by the side of the road.

We have the nicest cow you ever saw and she has a heifer calf. One hundred and fifty hens keep them company, with three hundred chicks. The egg market is good. The chicken market not yet.

Yes, Nazareth House is poor, but we have enough to eat. The point is that all around us are others who are not so well off. You see, we are another little portion of the Lay Apostolate the Baroness recently wrote about in *Friendship House News*. In our little house many things

are done for our brothers in Christ. Let us tell you about some of them.

WE have a Catholic library. For adults and children. Good friends send us the books and, of course, we can always use many more, for books are one of the best ways of making that dream we spoke to you about come true.

Then we clothe the naked. Wouldn't our Blessed Mother have done that? Of course she would and did, we are sure. We have a good sewing machine and all of us are good with the needle. We can make over anything and everything, also launder and clean it so it looks like new. And you would be surprised how busy we are, but no matter how fast we work, the need is faster. So we are adding our little voice to the mighty chorus already there and asking for clothing and rags, everything you have in the way of shoes and very old bedding. If you can send us anything, please send by par-

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HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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CATHOLIC BOOKS

MANY and of infinite variety are the weapons of the Lay Apostolate for the restoration of the world to Christ. We of Friendship House after fourteen years in the field place **CATHOLIC BOOKS** at the top of the list.

Powerful, as is the spoken word, the written one is more so. For the first is heard but once, and can easily be lost, forgotten, mislaid in the stress of our modern living, but the second is always at hand. Can be read and reread at leisure. Meditated and pondered on again and again. Like a steady light it illuminates the darkness of the strangest century in history. Like a flame it warms hearts that are growing cold...like lightning it strikes and opens minds that have been closed to its message for a lifetime. Wherever it is, it speaks of God...of His ways, His truths, His love. Teaching, leading, answering the thousand questions that torture men's hearts, souls and minds in our dark days of total war and forboding times of post-war reconstruction.

From the very first days of its inception, Friendship Houses used Catholic books as their most powerful media in making friends with the enemies of God, and bringing them back to Him, rescuing the lost, consoling the afflicted, giving new courage to the forgotten, bringing hope to the hopeless. For there is a Catholic book for every human need, every human question, every human problem.

Catholic Lending Libraries, at a very minimum fee, or even absolutely free, have been the ways we have reached those who need them most. And if there is one fallacy that Friendship House would like to explode, it is that the so-called "masses," the laborers, the workers, the Negro, etc., do not read. Come into any of the Friendship Houses and see for yourself. New York has over 3,000 books, and 300 subscribers, not counting the chance browser... Chicago has 2,000 books and two hundred regular subscribers, again without the accidental readers. Plus a constant service of distribution of Catholic pamphlets, magazines and other literature, not to mention reading rooms. No one but God knows the amount of converts these Catholic books and printed matter have brought to the Church.

AT St. Joseph's Farm in Marathon City, Wisconsin, the first activity to open will be again a Catholic Lending Library...and already men, women and even children in the neighborhood have been asking about it, wanting to know the subscription price, bringing even their money well ahead of time...Yes...the world IS hungry for the truth and interested in Catholic books where it can search for it and easily, find it.

But, alas, the search is not made too easy by us Catholics. It is as if we almost could be accused of selfishness...wanting to hug our blessings to our bosom, never sharing them with the world at large. To listen to Catholic publishers, book salesmen, librarians talk...Catholic books are not read...few are interested in Catholic books. To substantiate their arguments, they bring out statistics and figures, and having produced these, rest on their sad proofs, with long faces and tragic mien.

And yet, our Catholic publishers are grand people. They publish the best books in the world. Their salesmen are beyond doubt, the hardest-working salesmen we ever have known, and of true saintliness. Catholic librarians work early and late, realizing the apostolicity of their labors...and yet we of Friendship House for one violently...yet we hope, always charitably...disagree with their statements, while never doubting their veracity.

STAFF REPORTER

By M.C.K.

THE summer has flown, as all time does at Friendship House. But it has left fine memories. The finest is probably that of our first complete week's retreat. The Sisters of the Holy Child showed us the most wonderful hospitality. Sister Patrick wanted sugar for us and appealed to Blessed Martin. The next time she went to the store, there was her sugar! The Blessed Sacrament Fathers welcomed the men. Twenty-two of us made the week and fifteen more came for the weekend. A blind lady came along with one of the volunteers. We all admired her intelligence and courage and everyone vied with one another to give her the little assistance she needed. It was good to see old friends and become better acquainted with the new ones in the half-hour break in the silence which took place between Compline and the last conference. Prime was said in common after breakfast.

Our retreatmaster was a Father Owen of the Society of Jesus. From two days of recollection and long acquaintance we knew he was wonderful for our group, which is a difficult one— young and old, men and women, married and single, colored and white, rich and poor, intellectuals and average

people. But this week, giving us the tried exercises of St. Ignatius, he certainly seemed inspired to point out all the dangers and opportunities of a work like ours. It was indeed a blessed week. If any of you would like to be informed of our annual retreats and our days of recollection which come every two

WE simply feel that Catholic books are not reaching "the markets" where they are most needed and strangely enough most wanted...**THE MARKET OF THE MARKET PLACE**...Usually one finds them beautifully arranged and displayed in a cosily tucked-away book shop, side by side with religious articles...or neatly catalogued on gay clean shelves in parish hall libraries. Indubitably they reach, via these outlets, many good people, to whom they bring their vivid message of joy, love and many answers to their queries...But...alas the manual worker...the Negro...the laborer...will not walk in the far-away book shop in his working clothes on his way from work...nor will he make a detour to go to the parish hall, where probably the library hours are not late ones anyhow...And most certainly neither will entice the wandering communist...nor the agnostic who is not quite sure of his agnosticism...nor even the waitress from around the corner restaurant, nor the five-and-ten-cents sales girl...certainly not the indifferent...nor the prejudiced...and yet they need Catholic books more than they need bread...and what is more they would read them **IF THEY WERE EASILY TO BE REACHED...AND HAD...IN ONE WORD...ON THE MARKET PLACE...NEAR THEM...ON THEIR WAY FROM HOME TO WORK...DISPLAYED IN A STORE FRONT THAT LOOKED OUT ON A SHABBY, BUSY STREET...AND INTO WHICH THE "STREETS" COULD LOOK IN AND FIND ITSELF AT HOME...**

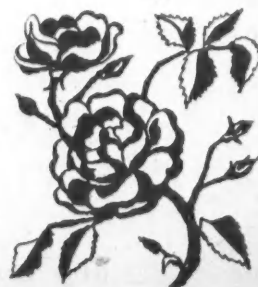
IF only our fair land were covered with these little simple Catholic Lending Libraries easily accessible to all, but especially to the workers...what a change would soon be found in America...Each parish should have a library project of this kind, it seems to us, with its young people acting as volunteer librarians under the guidance of one or two more experienced ones...From such points of attack...books could be sold on weekly installment plans, as so many of the leftist book stores do. How the publishers' statistics would change...soaring upward...and with the world reading Catholic books...it might even induce those Catholics who never read according to statistics...to start reading. Humbly we suggest that the one mistake made there...is to think of Catholic book publishing and selling as limited to **CATHOLICS ONLY...NO!** For the hungry world...the whole immense world must the Catholic books be written and published...it is only new outlets of distribution that must be tackled vividly with imagination and a sweep as big as Faith itself. **IT CAN BE DONE...IT HAS TO BE DONE...BECAUSE OF ALL THE WAYS OF BRINGING THE WORLD BACK TO CHRIST...AND CHRIST TO THE WORLD...THE CATHOLIC BOOK IS THE BEST. WE OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE ARE CONVINCED OF IT...HAVING LABORED FOURTEEN LONG YEARS IN THE MARKET PLACES AND SEEN IT WITH OUR OWN EYES.**

months, please send us your name and we will put it in the file which we are starting for those who wish to join in our spiritual occasions.

ON August 11 came the annual invasion of Maryknoll by 106 Friendship House Cubs and adults. Riding along the Hudson the children were excited by the boats, light-houses and airplanes. The grown-ups were entranced by the lovely views. Fr. Coleman and many other priests and brothers, some of whom had worked and played with the children at Friendship House, welcomed us and took groups through the fascinating museum. The altar vessels desecrated by Reds in China were new exhibits. The big Chinese drum was as attractive as ever. Every so often one of the children would creep in to give the drum a little tap and delight in the big noise that would result. With our picnic lunches Maryknoll furnished endless pitchers of chocolate milk. After lunch many of the group walked over to see the Sisters while the big boys and seminarians played ball.

City children have an idea that everything in the country is wild. A baby, not a year old, cried when his mother put him on the grass. It was new to him and he didn't like it. Some of the girls came in looking very pretty with a big hydrangea blossom over each ear. When we asked where they got them they said "found" them. When some came with green apples and pears they "found," we policed the orchard. Later I was eating a delicious ripe pear and one child asked, "Where did you find that?" I explained indignantly that I didn't find it, but bought it in the city. Our words and actions must jibe around here.

John was talking to a group of seminarians when Thornton came up and said, "Pardon me, Mr. John, but may I speak to you?" When John consented he said, "I think I ought to tell you that Harvey is in the priests' barbershop and is using the clippers on his hair!" After this was settled John saw a child ringing a bell. He had visions of the community coming to lunch on false pretenses. What with one thing and another John was on the run all day. Maybe our little clubroom isn't so bad after all. But the trainmen said they were very well-behaved children. Sunday morning coming home from Mass many of the children said, "Miss Mabel, we had a sharp time yesterday!" Higher praise in Harlem there is none. Thank you, Maryknollers!



Melita Rodock

AROUND THE HOUSE

By ANN HARRIGAN

McGoopy's Reader

"SON, WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT?"

"This is a picture of the only lady in America who hasn't read 'DARK SYMPHONY'."

"Why, er . . . don't be so impertinent, son, and tell your mother why it's such a social sin not to have read, what is it . . . 'DARK SYMPHONY' . . . ?"

"Well, I dunno exactly, but it's been read in every convent in America practically, and Pop says Sis told him that's the acid test. . . ."

AN AMIABLE GENTLEMAN whose picture we like to point to is John La Farge, for over 25 years a member of the Society of Jesus, and for practically as long a stout champion of Interracial Justice. For a calm, serious but gripping delineation of the Negro-White integration, read his famous book, "THE RACE QUESTION AND THE NEGRO."

WHILE "NATIVE SON" does not make the kind of reading that will put you to sleep, nevertheless, it should be read to show how COMMUNISTS ARE MADE, AND NOT BORN. You want to know why it is such a heroic effort for decent Negroes to bring up their children correctly? You wonder how so many Negroes can triumph over the ghetto, and produce a Roland Hayes, a Marian Anderson, a Richard Wright and a George Washington Carver? Read "NATIVE SON."

THE BASIC BOOK, of course, above and beyond, before and after all others, is the BIBLE. It is the basic book on RACE, as it is the basic book for all else. "I am the Vine, you are the branches" is the age-old symbol of a forgotten truth: we all belong to one another through Christ, and if to Christ, also to God! This is the old truth on which a reading of even one chapter of St. Paul will throw new light on many things. I do not see how any person who wants to do good for God can "get anywhere" without daily spiritual reading, anyhow. St. Bernard says we should be more than PIPE LINES of grace to others. We should be CISTERNS OR RESERVOIRS storing up the jewels of wisdom we gather from reading and meditation, and, chiefly, the Bible. Ten minutes a day, before retiring, is not too much, is it? It's a "must" for those who would clarify thought for themselves and others.

Did you ever read the gospel of St. Paul, say, looking for one special thing—The Mystical Body, or Charity to one another, etc.? Try it!

SEPTEMBER FORUM

JAMES SUPPLE, religion editor for The Chicago Sun, was one of the recent speakers on the Monday Night Forum. A graduate of Loyola University and formerly registrar there, he gave an excellent analysis of one phase of racial discrimination and prejudice. He stated that the United States is considered by its citizens to be a moral leader in international affairs but is not thought of in that light by other countries. For example, South Americans, who represent countries having varied, but far better-adjusted races than the United States, see that the American race problem is far from a solution, while Chinese leaders visiting the States are treated with hostility and cold indifference by white Americans. Communists and unionists have taken over the works of

Christianity without accepting the religious basis and have thereby led many minority groups into their folds, away from Christianity. Minority groups turn to Communism as a protest and as an alternative of the status quo.

Unfortunately, the attitudes of many religious people reflect social environment and not Christian doctrines. Hence these people will maintain that it is not sinful to have race prejudices, and accept them as being respectable. On the other hand, these people maintain it is disreputable if not actually sinful, to work for radical social improvements. These attitudes are evidence that people are abandoning Christianity and accepting paganism. The logical end is that the Christian Church will be left without worshippers.

Russ Marshall.

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, CHICAGO STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS FOR THE YEAR, JULY 31, 1944 TO JULY 31, 1945	
BALANCE ON HAND JULY 31, 1944.....	\$ 959.03
CONTRIBUTIONS	9794.50
TOTAL CASH AVAILABLE.....	10,753.53
EXPENSES:	
Rent	\$3,000.00
Office Expense	638.47
Library Expense	408.77
Household Expense	671.51
Telephone, Light and Gas	427.65
Staff Workers' Maintenance (8)	3,249.51
Loans Receivable	517.94
Travel Expense	1,067.34
Petty Cash	109.94
TOTAL EXPENSE	10,091.13
BALANCE ON HAND, JULY 31, 1945	\$ 662.40
Approximate Amount Needed Each Month.....	\$800.00



Monday Nights

REVEREND LEOPOLD TIBEZAR, a Maryknoll Father, who spent 20 years among the Japanese in Japan and in the United States, spoke recently at our Monday night Forum on *The Nisei and the Catholic Church*, said that "at root, the race question is a religious question. Christ, by becoming a man (not a white man, or a yellow man, or a black man, but a man), made possible the foundation of the idea so prevalent today, that all men are equal."

"Moreover, Christians, who practice prejudice, are an anomaly because they do not have, nor do they give the proper idea of Christ or the Church to their fellowmen."

MISS VALERIE THOMPSON, a social worker, who spent 3½ of her 4 years



at Tuskegee Institute, working under Doctor Carver, has this to say, at another Forum, about *I Went to College in the South*: "The racial problem, in the South, is a unique problem. In my opinion its solution lies in the youth, who will be instrumental in forming tomorrow's world. However, wholesale reconversion of these youths to the true Christian principles and ways of life, is the first and necessary step."

"Doctor Carver's success as a scientist and humanitarian, can be attributed to his keen appreciation for the wonders of nature and his faith in God. He loved life best in his laboratory. He was indeed a genius and the epitome of unselfishness."

"THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PREJUDICE" was the title of a talk by the director of Sheil School, Mr. George Drury. It was a most interesting approach to the disastrous effects of prejudice upon those who practice it. Much has been written about the effects of prejudice on its victims, but Mr. Drury very cleverly brought out how people, who are prejudiced themselves, do much more harm by the denial of their own nature and undermining of human society than the harm that comes to an individual victim.

You who are residents in and around Chicago or N. Y., are cordially invited to attend our open forum every Monday evening of the year. Come and get the real Catholic slant on the race problem.

What Is Your Question

QUESTION:

Recently a Negro bought a house in my neighborhood, which is not far from a Negro district. I was approached by some neighbors to sign a paper protesting the buying of this house because the man was a Negro. Also they wanted me to sign a paper which they called a covenant to be signed by all of the people in the neighborhood in order to keep out Negroes or other groups we didn't want from buying or renting property in our area.

In view of the fact that property values will go down and I will loose on my investment, am I not justified in signing any measure to protect my property?

A FRIEND.

ANSWER:

We believe that the principle of segregation is wrong and therefore it is wrong to sign a restrictive covenant. From the Catholic point of view, all men of all races are brothers and this is no way to treat a brother.

But aside from the moral angle, because of these restrictive covenants and the principle of segregated housing generally, the average density in the Negro area is 80,000 people within one square mile. The average density for the city of Chicago as a whole is 25,000 people within one square mile. We know of apartments built to house two (2) families, now housing forty-two (42) families. We know of a one (1) family home that has been converted into sixteen (16) one-room kitchenettes, housing six (6) persons to a room. "To picture the average family quota in the Negro area," says a recent report, a citizen who is in himself comfortably situated, must count the number of rooms in his house or home, and multiply by four (4) and imagine that number of people living in his own home. He can then realize the congestion and over use of the bathroom facilities, the lack of privacy and the impossibility of maintaining cleanliness and order."

The fact that property values decrease when Negroes move into a neighborhood is very simply explained. If white people stayed their ground there would be no de-

crease in property values. It is because they flee that it gives the real estate men the golden opportunity to raise the prices because the Negro buyer knows that the supply is small and when the supply is small and the demand is great as it has been for generations past for Negroes, the prices soar, whether it be rent or sale. It is a well-known fact that the same property in a colored neighborhood always gets more than the same property does in a white neighborhood.

What we are in favor of is not the breaking down of property values, but rather the preservation of them by neighbors joining to maintain good housing standards that prevail in a certain neighborhood, regardless of what the color of the tenant may be.

This would make for good neighbors, a better city and a truer standard of the relations that should exist between the members of the human family.

Persecuted Become Persecutors

(Continued from page 1)

to keep them out of the schools as teachers or out of the police or fire departments. Visualize him in your mind. How did you feel about him? . . . That is just the way the Negro feels about you. Unpleasant, isn't it, to think that another human being considers you hard, cruel, unreasonable?

"I can't understand why the hierarchy approved the FEPC."

Here you see you are departing from the path of the shepherds of your souls. The Irish have prided themselves on being loyal sons of Mother Church. Leave this path of prejudice which has been beaten by non-Catholics, or by the Ku Klux Klan which hates Catholics, and get behind our Holy Father who has said that the greatest heresy of modern times is racism. Fight prejudice in yourself first and then in your friends.

We parted amicably with an agreement that Friendship House should lead an interracial pilgrimage to St. Anne's after the war. His idea was a Negro pilgrimage but we weren't having any segregation on anything connected with Friendship House. This pilgrimage might prove to Catholic Canadians that Americans can also be Catholic.

Books for Lay Apostles Who Want The Interracial Viewpoint

Books By or About Negroes:

The New Testament	La Farge, S. J.
The Race Question and the Negro	Booker T. Washington
Up From Slavery	Elizabeth L. Adams
Dark Symphony	Richard Wright
Native Son	Edwin R. Embree
Brown America	Claude McKay
Harlem Negro Metropolis	Sylvester Washington
Anthology of American Negro History	Brown
Story of American Negro	Kearns
Life of Blessed Martin DePorres	Howard Fast
Freedom Road	

Pamphlets

Speak Up For Good Will	N C C J
Races of Mankind	
Friendship House Pamphlets	
Friendship House Speaks	Catherine De Hueck
Harlem Madonna	Eddie Dogherly
Friendship House Comes to Chicago	Ann Harrigan

The Baroness Jots It Down

SINCE our last issue, the Blessed Mother of God gave the world on the Vigil of Her Assumption, its heart's desire—PEACE ON ALL FRONTS! V-J Day came at long last, and with it the world's death march, with its macabre music, came to a halt.

Like the rest of the world, Friendship Houses everywhere lifted their voice in a heartfelt TE DEUM. It fell to my lot to spend the great day in a tiny village in the north woods of Canada. Combermere, Ontario, is far from the beaten tracks of the world. It nestles on the beautiful silver Madawaska, as if it had sprung from her cool, tranquil waters and yet there is no other place in the world I would have better been on V-J Day than there.

The sun was setting behind the hills, blessing the tall pine trees with its golden rays, the river mirrored them greedily, as if to show the sun that it could transmit its gold into untold hues. The village was resting after a hard long day's work... cattle and men were slowly wending their way home in the breathlessly beautiful eventide. Suddenly the church bells began to peal... a song of joy, of gratitude

Who's Who in FH

(Continued from page 1)

days of the Great Depression, she was part of that heroic little band of Catholic Workers in Milwaukee, who fed the hungry and clothed the naked so untiringly.

In Friendship House she started in the business office, and as years went by, she went from department to department, until she knew each one perfectly. Now she is assisting Mabel Knight in the difficult task of directing the infinite variety of people and works that form Friendship House.

She has many gifts and talents, but she is at her best with people. Somehow she really truly sees Christ in her neighbor, and the neighbor knows it. Her hobby is square dancing, her dream—the Rural Apostolate. To us in Friendship House and to the hundreds that come to it, she is a pal, a real one. Somehow we all feel that the saints think so too. Maybe that is why so many "little miracles" keep always happening in Friendship Houses, for how could the saints refuse anything to their pal?

BLESSED MARTIN



Mellia Rodack

and victory. Words were unnecessary... all along the roads, on the doorsteps... men, women and children were blessing themselves or bowing their heads in prayer... everyone knew what the Church bells were singing out... PEACE, PEACE, PEACE AT LAST.

No sooner were the bells silent than men began to talk, shout, greet each other... women kissed each other, children danced in the road. But every shout, every speech began with "Blessed be God... the war is over..." "Blessed be God," and the little winding road leading to the Church soon was dotted with folks going in person to render thanks to Him, Who holds peace, life and death in the hollow of His palm.

Combermere greeted V-J Day in the Lord, with the Lord, through the Lord.

A GREAT blessing came to us of Friendship House who were in Combermere this year. The new Bishop of the Pembroke Diocese in Ontario, His Lordship, William Smith, blessed our house with his presence, and us with his special Episcopal blessing. It was a great honor and joy to welcome His Lordship personally, and find in him an old friend of Friendship House. We wish him all the blessings possible in his new office, and our humble prayers will follow him daily.

The House

(Continued from page 1)

cel post as we have no way of picking up freight.

Many of the children in the neighborhood visit us daily. Some even live with us and help us. For naturally the original Nazareth House was the first Hospice in the world and the least we can do is open wide our doors to all who need us. But the feeding of so many is often a problem, even on a farm. If you want to help, that means nickels and dimes, dollars and pennies. I would not mention all this but the Baroness says I should for we are all members of the Mystical Body of Christ and therefore should all help each other. Thanks, Baroness, for opening the pages of *Friendship House News* to your distant sister in Christ of the rural road.

And since we are on the subject of begging, may we ask for prayers. Besides wanting more Catholic churches in our county, we also would like to move nearer to the Church ourselves and nearer to a Catholic school for our children. We would continue all our work better if we were closer to Our Lord so that we all could go to Mass daily. Please pray for that intention. Please talk about it to your favorite Saint and our Blessed Mother. And pray also for good weather and good crops.

As I read this over, I see that I have begged more than I have told you about ourselves and the work. But then, I am not an author. Fill in the gaps and read between the lines, please. Our address, by the way, is Nazareth House, Ramsey, Ill.

St. Catherine Of Genoa

HOW old are you? Whatever your age you may still decide that the world is not giving you what you thought it could. That is what Caterinetta Fieschi thought and now she is St. Catherine of Genoa. In His loving mercy God will do for you what He did for her.

Caterinetta Fieschi was born of good Catholic parents. As a child she herself was fervent enough to promise by the age of thirteen to enter an austere religious order. Here her parents interposed and promised her in marriage to Lord Julian Adorno, a man much older than herself and far too worldly. Adorno was an enemy of Caterinetta's father and her hand in marriage was the price of peace between the two families. A false sense of duty led her to abandon her vocation to the



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religious life and marry in obedience to her parents' wishes.

In the first five years of their married life her husband had so outraged their union by his infidelity and extravagance, that Catherine, in her despair, turned from a holy child to a worldly woman. By the end of ten years of married life she had so far forgotten her former promises to our Lord, that we find her plunged into an endless round of intrigue, malicious gossip and vain attempts to outdo one another in dress.

Catherine, who had promised herself to God as a child, had forgotten her promises following the way of the world which surrounded her. Instead of abandoning her, God in His love pursued her lest He lose the precious treasure

LEASHED AMERICANS

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It is rather futile for the young Negro to strive for an education when he knows that in spite of his abilities, many fields will be closed to him because of his color.

Largely because of lack of training and opportunity among America's 13,000,000 Negroes, only 10 per cent are skilled; only 65 per cent have more than a five-year education. Despite their generally low level of income and training, however, Negroes own 800,000 houses, operate 700,000 farms, maintain 40,000 churches. They own property whose value has been estimated at three billion. With an annual purchasing power placed at three billions, Negroes are an increasingly important factor in our national economy.

Persons ready to grant political and economic equality absolutely refuse to see social equality with the Negro. Immediately they make the charge of advocating intermarriage between the races. Many believe that once the barriers of caste are removed, there would be no keeping the sexes apart. This is sheer nonsense. Anthropologists and sociologists are agreed today that there is no scientific reason for banning mingling of whites and blacks. Then too, intermarriage has nothing to

of a loving soul. He gave her a dissatisfaction with her aimless life. When she presented herself for a general confession as a means of obtaining peace of mind she was so overcome at the contrast between her former self and her present state that she could barely pronounce the words, "Allow me to come another time, Father." But this was not all. On returning to the Adorno palace she beheld a shower of blood which she perceived falling from the Cross. She fled, cowering from room to room, pursued by the shower of blood which fell in large splashes on all the paved flooring around her.

Too late to enter a convent now, but not too late to become a Saint. Catherine remained in the world but not of it. She gave up the pursuit of even harmless amusement and devoted her life to nursing the sick poor, who in those days were abandoned. By the end of her life she had made such marvelous restitution for time lost that she not only sanctified herself but converted and sanctified her worldly husband. God gave her her purgatory on earth. She was also given visions into that region and has left several writings on purgatory still valued by theologians.

The day of doing glorious deeds for God and winning a crown of sanctity has not slipped into the past with Catherine. A century from now people will be marveling at the Saints who are being raised up in our day. Would you like to be one of them?

do with social equality. It is an issue raised to create scandal, instill fear and thereby to divert attention from injustice. Inter-marriage is a purely private affair!

A S Lillian E. Smith says in her book, "Humans in Bondage," we who call ourselves the good people, the intelligent, accept without protest the spiritual lynching of Negroes which goes on around us day by day, in every town, every city, every part of our nation. We accept the quiet killing of self-esteem, the persistent smothering of hope and pride, the deep bruises given the spirits of young Negroes.

So many Americans seem to forget that the Negro, too, is an American! His Americanism is of longer standing than that of many of us who are white. His forefathers came to America at a time when many of ours were still living in Germany, England, and other European countries. He is no alien! Have white supremacy boosters forgotten that two-thirds of the people of the earth are colored?

For two centuries the American black toiler in bondage raised a haunted refrain of the sorrowful song, "Let My People Go." Then came emancipation. Today the Negro still chants, "Let My People Come" and patiently waits for Caucasian America to swell the glad refrain. We are in America together—black and white sharing the same soil, owning the same flag, marching to a common destiny. It is time to sing unto the Lord a new song. As Edith Lovejoy Pierce said in her poem, "Our Father," dedicated to the young Negro: "Seeing but soul in the can- descent head

Seeing but unrefracted light, God said:

"There are no shades of race in humankind, The most exalted one is color-blind."

Mary Brodman,
College of St. Francis,
Joliet, Ill.

A LAY SAINT

St. Phoebe—Sept. 3

In St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, xvi, 1-2, we find: And I commend to you Phoebe, our sister, who is in the ministry of the church, that is in Cenchrae: That you receive her in the Lord as becometh saints and that you assist her in whatsoever business she shall have need of you. For she also hath assisted many, and myself also.

Nothing else is known of her. She is certainly one of the earliest saints engaged in lay apostolate works. It is assumed that she assisted St. Paul himself. Cenchrae was the port of Corinth, from which the epistle was sent, so it is supposed that St. Phoebe carried the document.

St. John Chrysostom eulogized her merits.

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